

## Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl

1. Land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl Un-til it doth run o-ver;

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## CHORUS

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be,

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, To-mor-row we'll get so-ber.

2

The man that drinks good whiskey punch,  
And goes to bed right mellow, (*Repeat*)  
*Chorus.* Lives as he ought to live,  
And dies a jolly good fellow.

3

The man who drinks cold water pure,  
And goes to bed quite sober, (*Repeat*)  
*Chorus.* Falls as the leaves do fall  
So early in October.

4

But he who drinks just what he likes,  
And getteth "half-seas over," (*Repeat*)  
*Chorus.* Will live until he dies, perhaps,  
And then lie down in clover.